

Red Cafe

"L.A. Leakers Freestyle"

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More champagne please, more sour by the oz
More bad bitches, you better let them through
This the party of the year, I've been telling you shake
down
Money spenders, vintage low sweaters,
Brooklyn niggas, well known go getters
Good wine and Louie luggage
Corporate times loving how the mafia thug it I mean
Reporting live from the hood miss no opera money
But guess what I'm hood rich believe that
Shot town, fuck what you got a lot now
I'm the skipper so I'm fucking on the yacht ah
I'm killing them since 02, said I work down town, call it
soul food
Kind of my city and hell yeah I be the go too
Boss up on these hoes like I'm supposed to
Ah, me and Diddy, world wide touring
And y'all know I'm a designer foreign
If the haters wanna hate, let the haters hate
But if they wanna get some money tell them haters wait
Ball hard like D rose, you busters start paying for them
free whores
Fucking the game up, too much bacon and soda
Fucking the cane up
Make a nigga wanna go jump my chamber
I take that bitch, in the streets I'm getting money do
backflips while I
I'm just living in Miami like 4,5,6 my kind of dice
Fucking them hoes, they come back like cook coke
That's my west coast bitch, she got good throat
Ah, I feel like I got wings on
On my hottest bitches, they got me on they ringtone

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